HIS MOTHER'S LETTER

By

TINA BROOKS BEAN

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INTRO. Andante espressive

I am stand-ing here on guard, And the task is long and hard; I am think-ing of my home a-cross the sea But my heart is full of cheer, for I have a let - ter here That my lit - tle brown haired moth-er sent to me. Son, I'm think-ing oft of you I am pray - ing for you, too, I am proud of you far more than I can tell. But my

She has toiled for man-y a year since I lost my fath- er dear, And her lov - ing care has al-way sheltered me Now I'm try ing ev 'ry day some of her care to re pay, For my dard - ing moth- er's all the world to me. I've no sweet-hearts like the oth - ers I've no sis - ters or broth-ers, There is no one left at home my place to take. But her

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old heart will re-joice, when I hear a-gain your voice, And you tell me you have served your country well.
let-ter, sweet and brave, does not hint the pain it gave, When I came a-cross to fight for her dear sake.

CHORUS

Andante espressivo

Just a lit-tle brown-haired moth-er, far a-way a-cross the

p-mf

sea; Just a lit-tle brown-haired moth-er. With a lov-ing thought for

me I will firm-ly take my stand for my home and na-tive

land, For my darl-ing moth-er says she's proud of me. Just a me.

l.h. *l.h.*